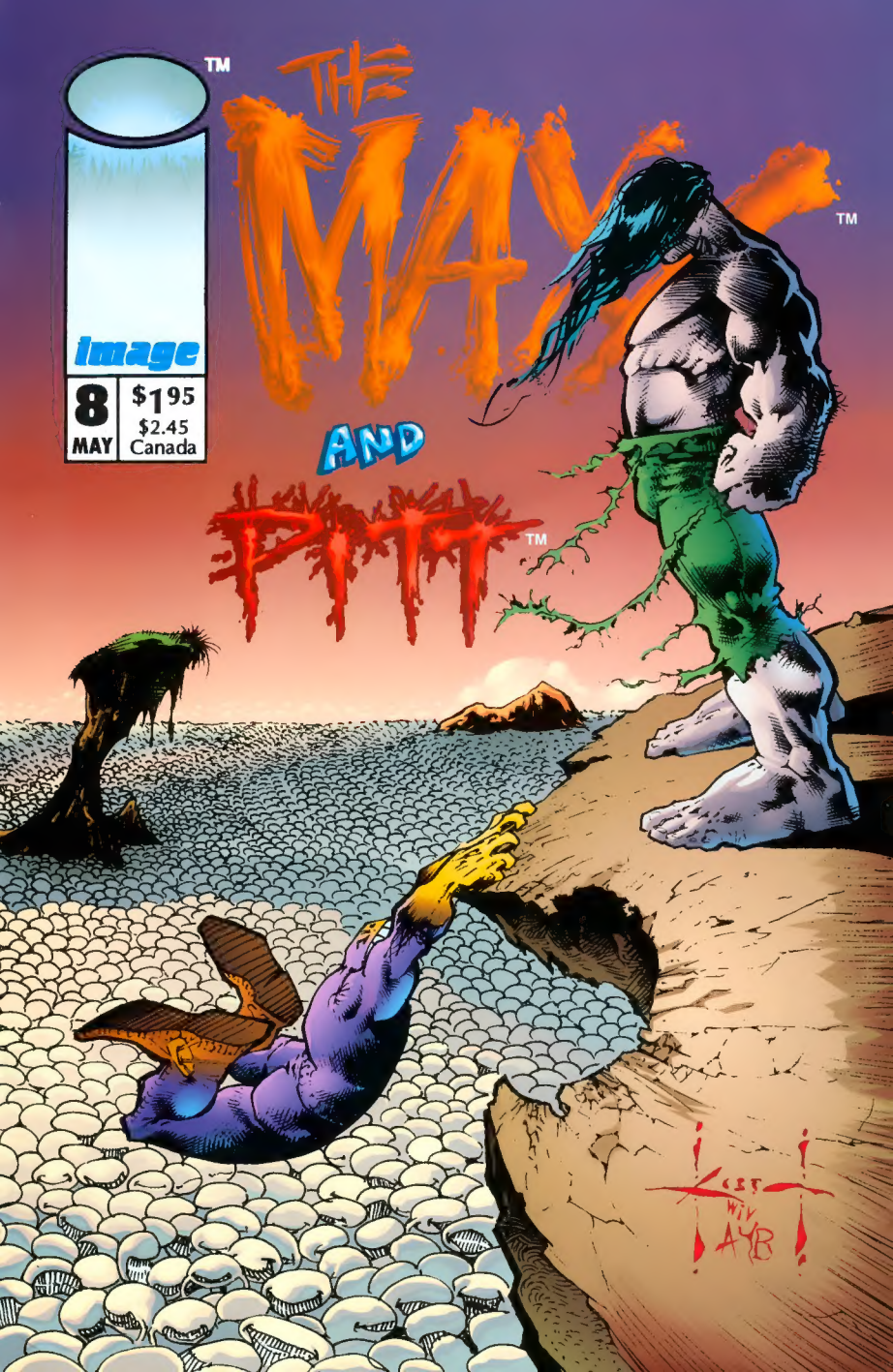
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COMICS PRESENTS

THE MAXX™

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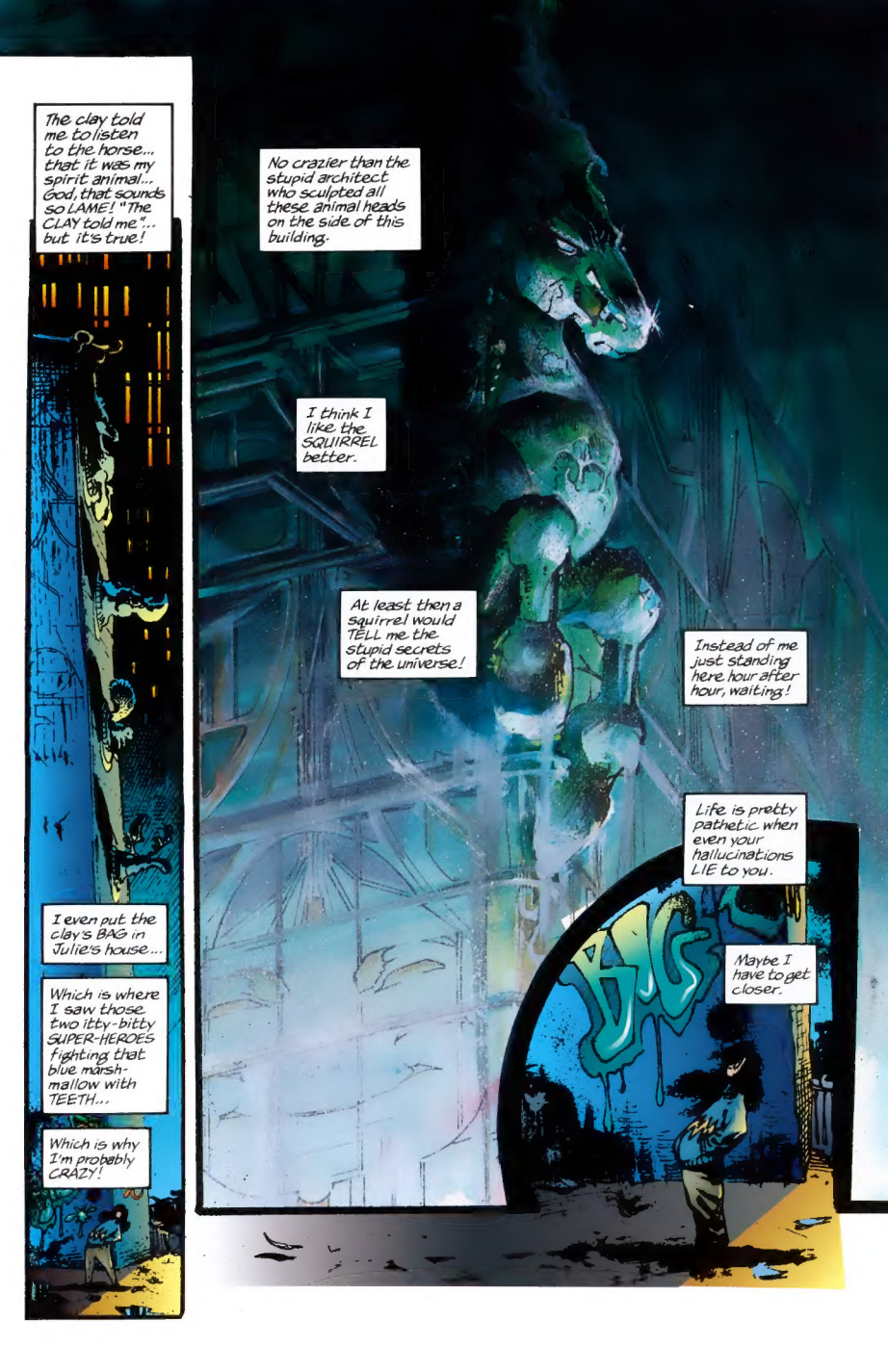
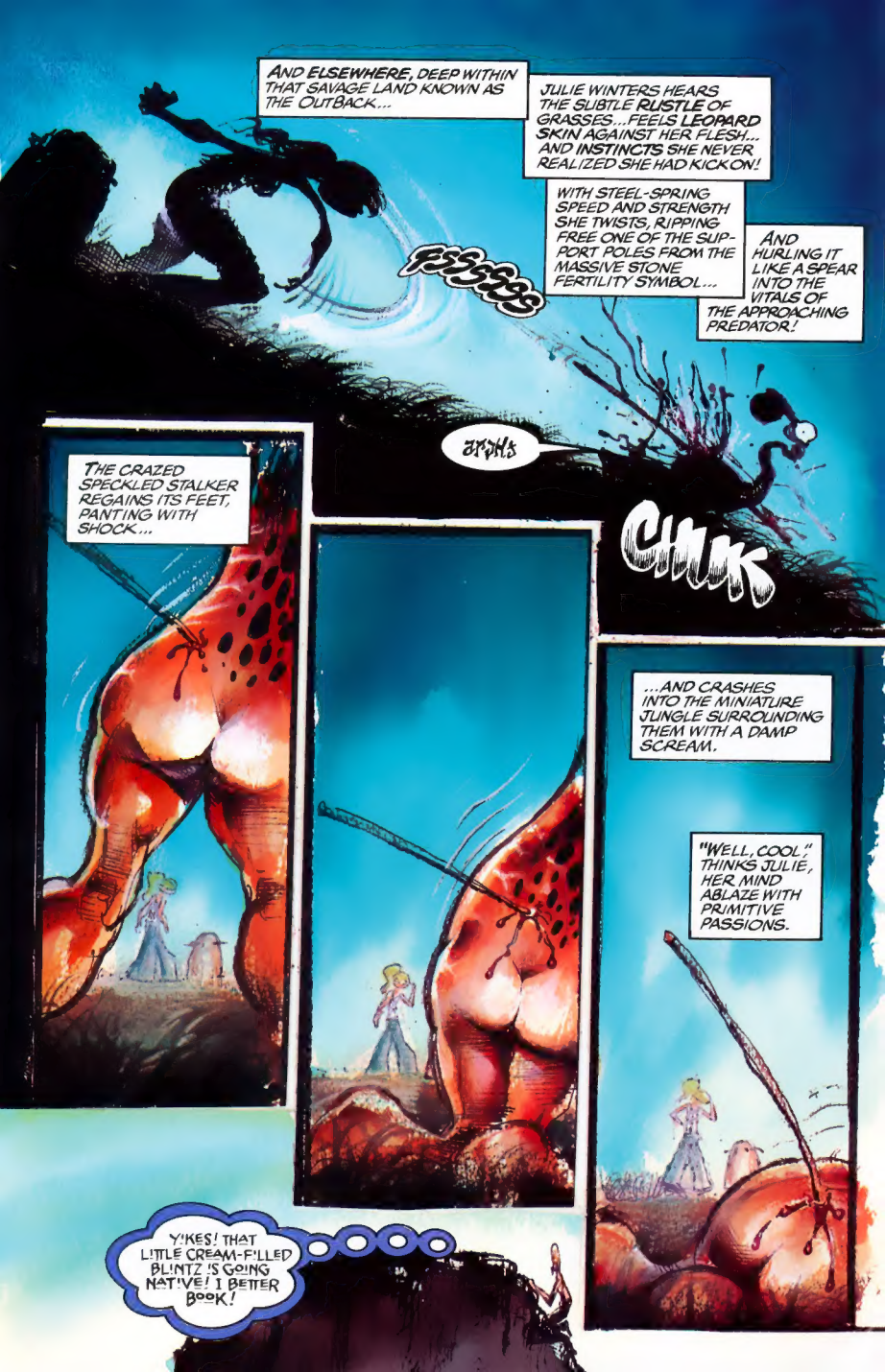
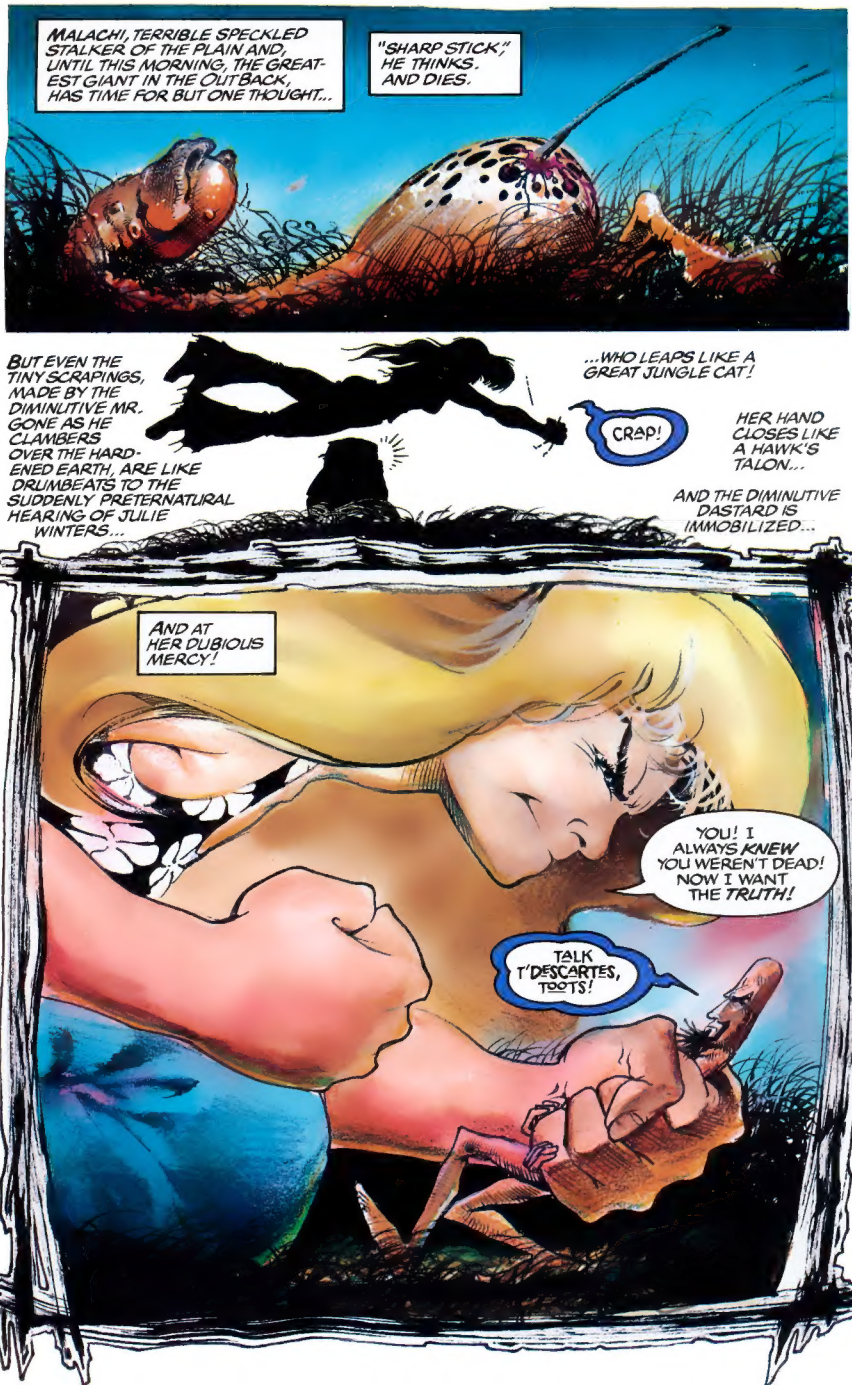
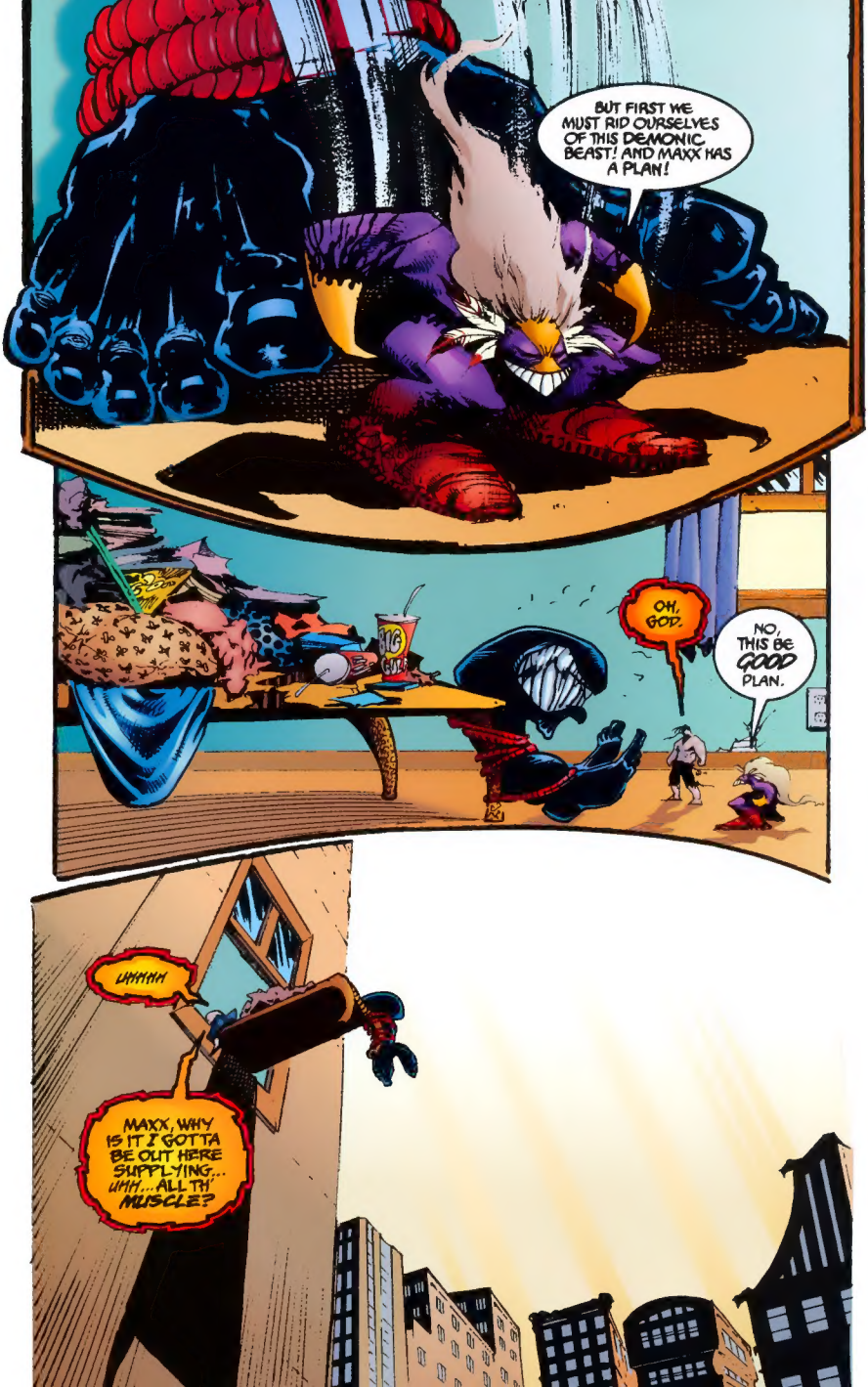

The clay told me to listen to the horse... that it was my spirit animal... God, that sounds so LAME! "The CLAY told me"... but it's true!
No crazier than the stupid architect who sculpted all these animal heads on the side of this building.
I think I like the SQUIRREL better.
At least then a squirrel would TELL me the stupid secrets of the universe!
Instead of me just standing here hour after hour, waiting!
Life is pretty pathetic when even your hallucinations LIE to you.
Maybe I have to get closer.
I even put the clay's BAG in Julie's house...
Which is where I saw those two itty-bitty SUPER-HEROES fighting that blue marsh-mallow with TEETH...
Which is why I'm probably CRAZY!


AND ELSEWHERE, DEEP WITHIN THAT SAVAGE LAND KNOWN AS THE OUTBACK...
JULIE WINTERS HEARS THE SUBTLE RUSTLE OF GRASSES...FEELS LEOPARD SKIN AGAINST HER FLESH... AND INSTINCTS SHE NEVER REALIZED SHE HAD KICK ON!
WITH STEEL-SPRING SPEED AND STRENGTH SHE TWISTS, RIPPING FREE ONE OF THE SUPPORT POLES FROM THE MASSIVE STONE FERTILITY SYMBOL...
AND HURLING IT LIKE A SPEAR INTO THE VITALS OF THE APPROACHING PREDATOR!
FSSSSS
AYSH!
CHUK
THE CRAZED SPECKLED STALKER REGAINS ITS FEET, PANTING WITH SHOCK...
...AND CRASHES INTO THE MINIATURE JUNGLE SURROUNDING THEM WITH A DAMP SCREAM.
"WELL, COOL," THINKS JULIE, HER MIND ABLAZE WITH PRIMITIVE PASSIONS.
YIKES! THAT LITTLE CREAM-FILLED BLINTZ IS GOING NATIVE! I BETTER BOOK!

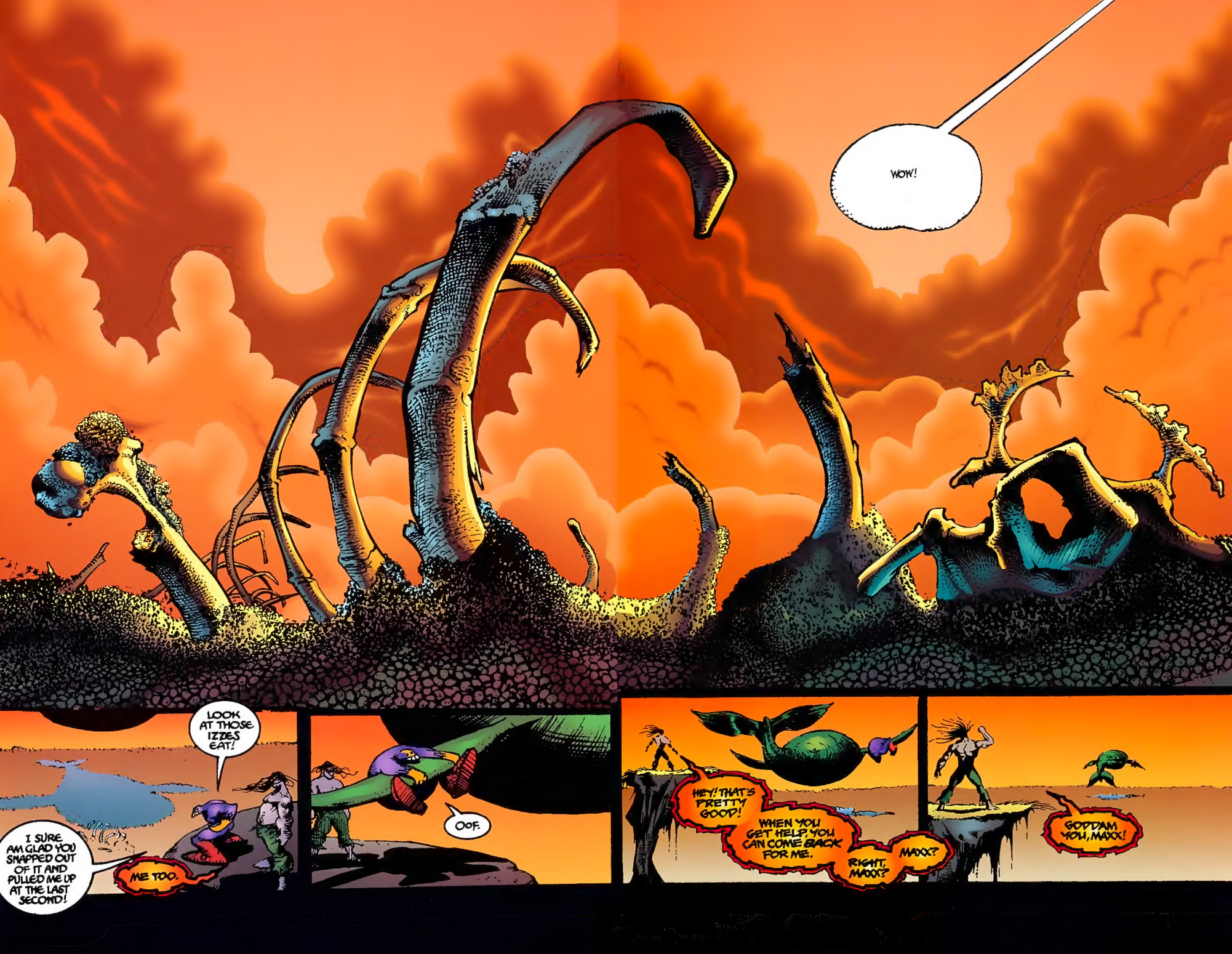

MALACHI, TERRIBLE SPECKLED STALKER OF THE PLAIN AND, UNTIL THIS MORNING, THE GREATEST GIANT IN THE OUTBACK, HAS TIME FOR BUT ONE THOUGHT...
"SHARP STICK," HE THINKS. AND DIES.
BUT EVEN THE TINY SCRAPINGS, MADE BY THE DIMINUTIVE MR. GONE AS HE CLAMBERS OVER THE HARDENED EARTH, ARE LIKE DRUMBEATS TO THE SUDDENLY PRETERNATURAL HEARING OF JULIE WINTERS...
...WHO LEAPS LIKE A GREAT JUNGLE CAT!
CRAP!
HER HAND CLOSES LIKE A HAWK'S TALON...
AND THE DIMINUTIVE DASTARD IS IMMOBILIZED...
AND AT HER DUBIOUS MERCY!
YOU! I ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU WEREN'T DEAD! NOW I WANT THE *TRUTH!*
TALK T'DESCARTES, TOOTS!

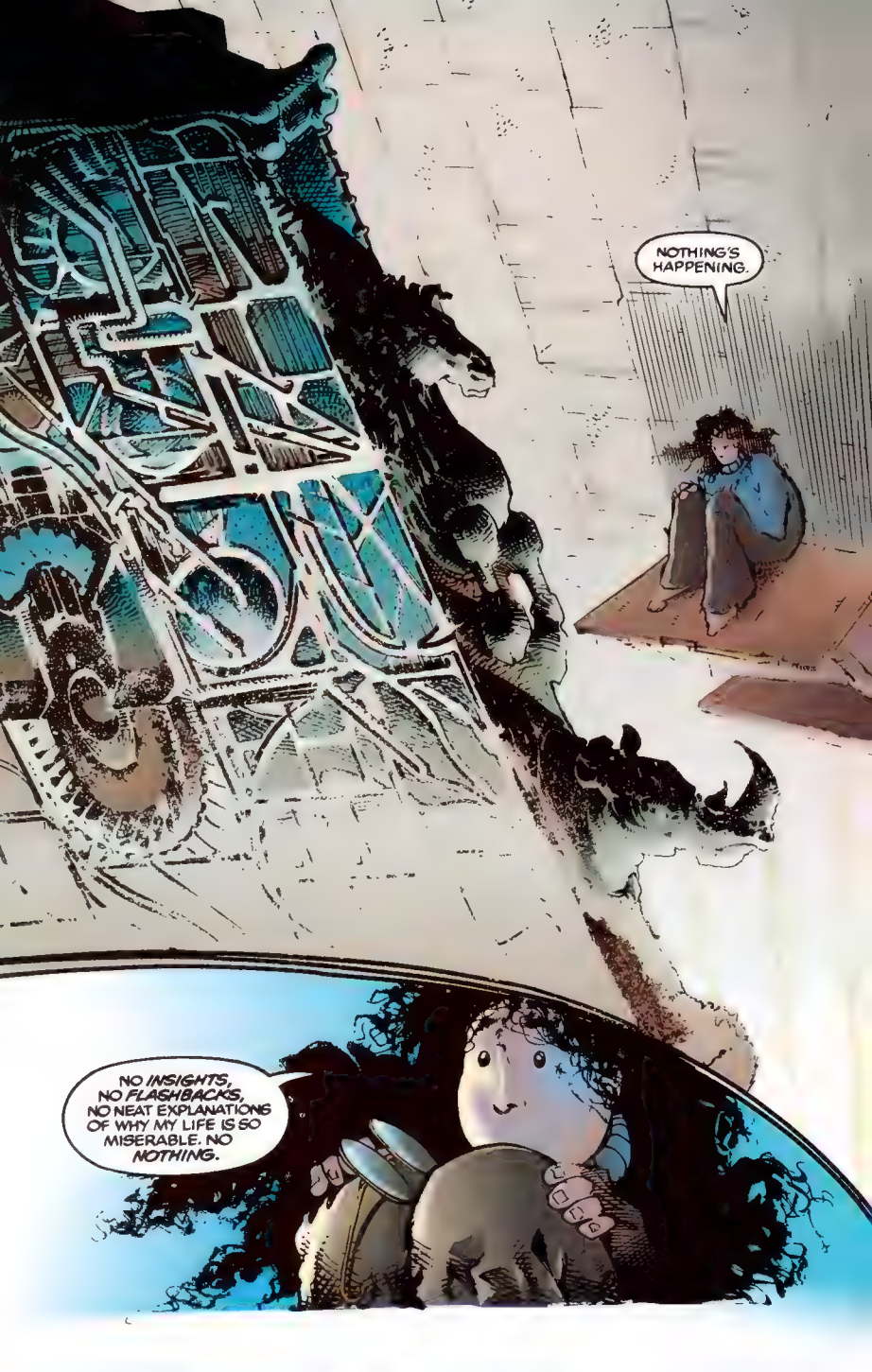
AND YET ELSEWHERE, IN THE SUDDENLY HUGE APARTMENT OF JULIE WINTERS...
MAXX IS TRIUMPHANT OVER THE RAVENOUS PIRANOSAURUS! HE IS TRULY LORD OF THE JUNGLE! AS IS HIS BROTHER, PITT!
GIVE IT A REST, MAXX. THERES SOMETHING NUTS HERE, AND I MEAN TSCOPE IT OUT!

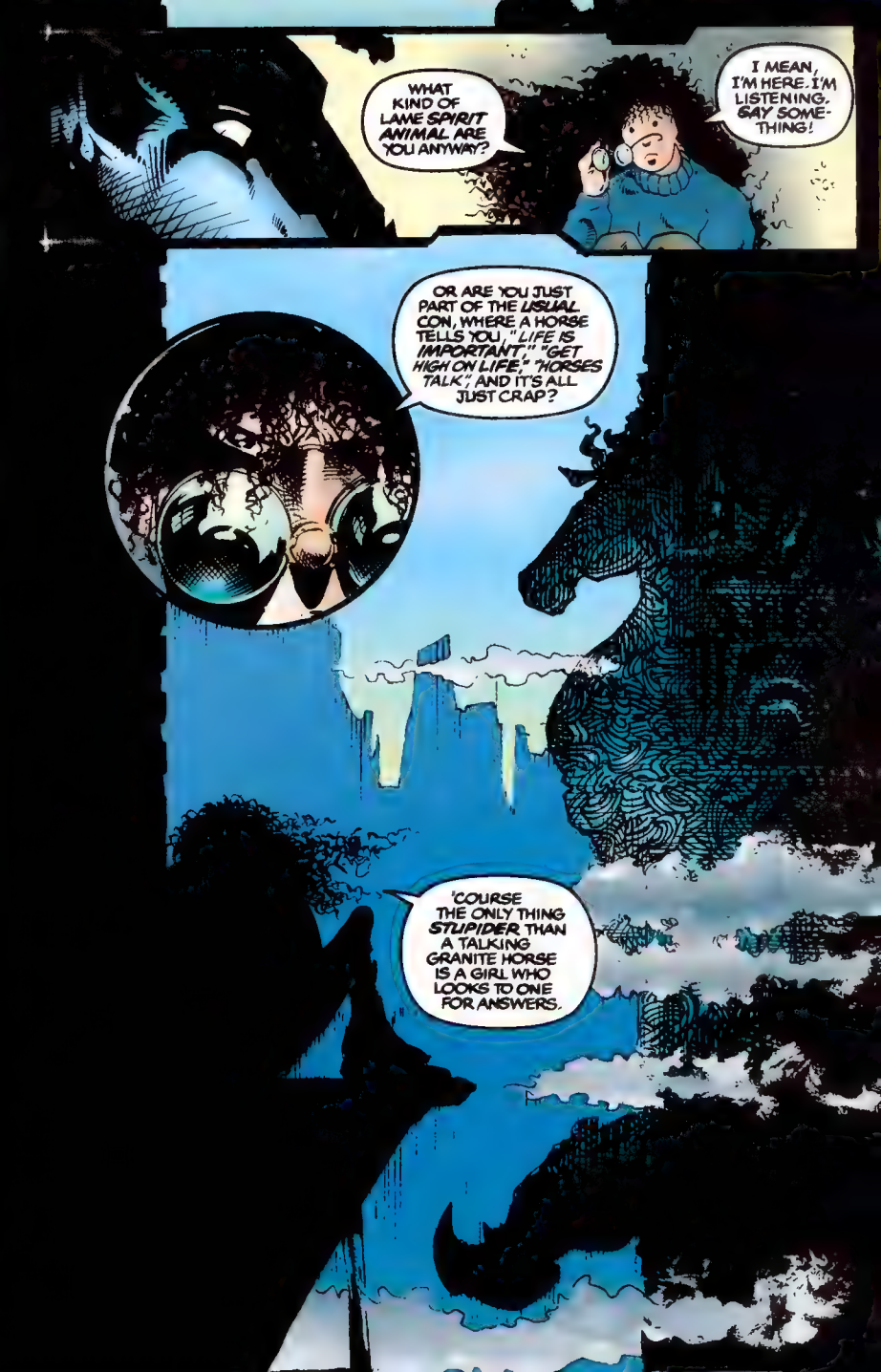

BUT FIRST WE MUST RID OURSELVES OF THIS DEMONIC BEAST! AND MAXX HAS A PLAN!
OH, GOD.
NO, THIS BE GOOD PLAN.
UHHHH
MAXX, WHY IS IT I GOTTA BE OUT HERE SUPPLYING... UHH... ALL TH' MUSCLE?

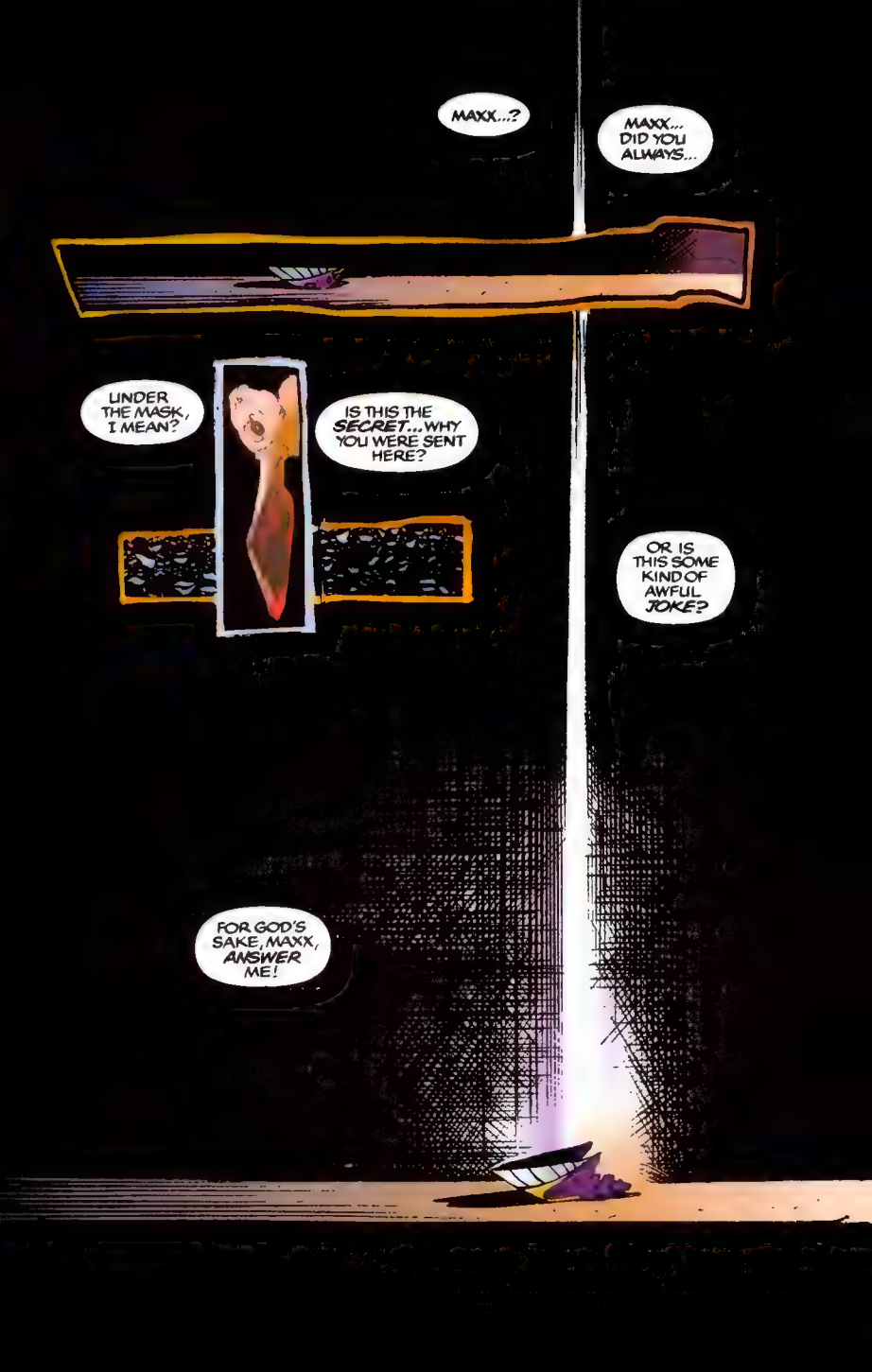
WHILE YOU SIT BACK THERE?
MAXX IS STEADYING.
YEAH, RIGHT.
UH, MAXX...? I THINK THE DINGUS IS WRIGGLIN' FREE!
BROTHER PITT NOT WORRY! MAXX IS COMING!
NO, MAXX... WHATEVER YOU DO...FOR GOD'S SAKE...
DON'T LET
GO
OOPS!

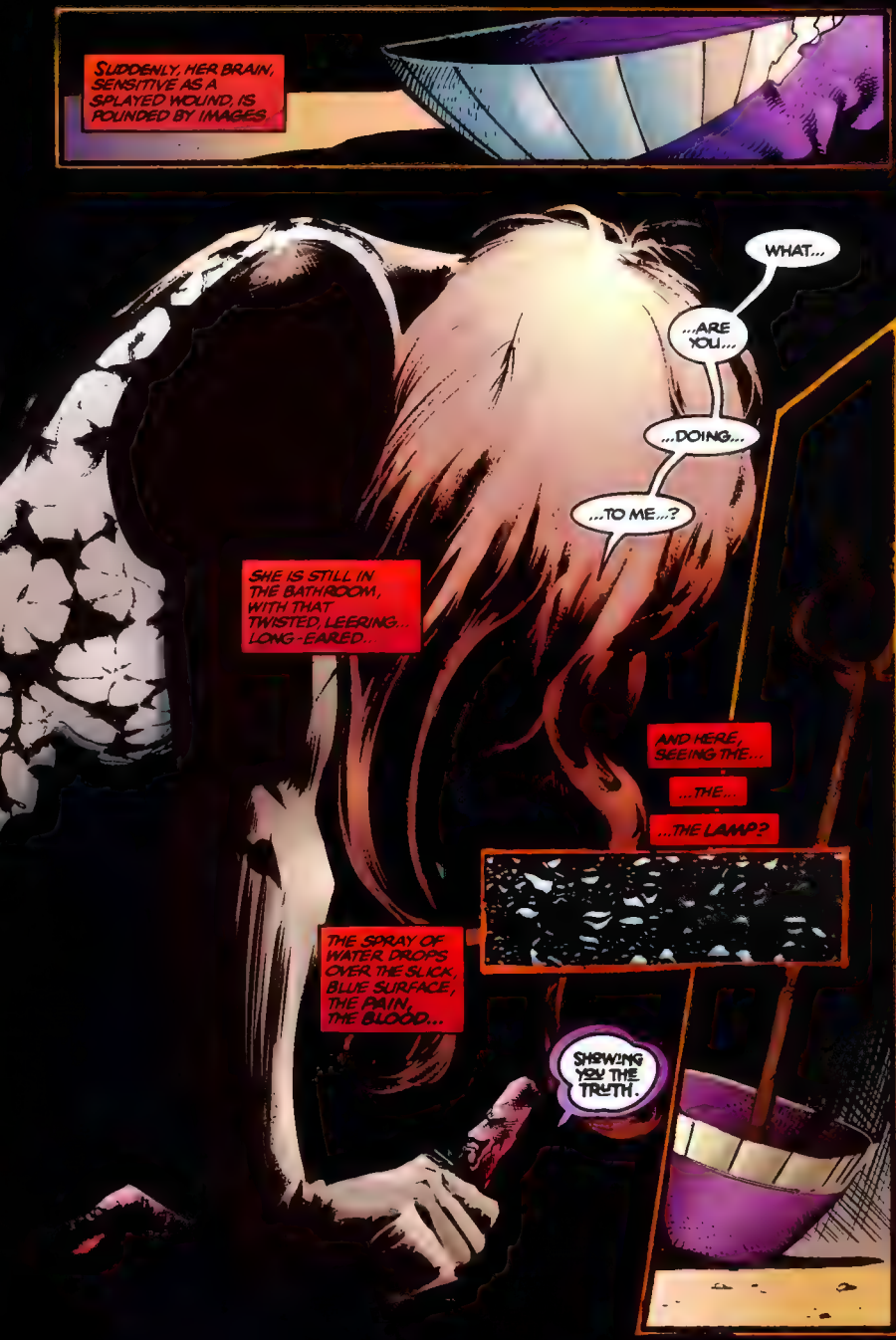
BROTHER PITT LOOKED MAD AS HE SAIL AWAY.
WHO'S OUT THERE? I CAN HEAR SOMEONE...
MAXX?
ARE YOU *OUT* THERE, MAXX? I'M STILL *LOCKED* IN THIS BATHROOM.
YOU'VE GOT TO *SAVE* ME, MAXX!
I AM COMING, JULIE!
MAXX... YOUR *MASK*...
...IT'S FALLEN...
YOU'RE...
...YOU'RE A...
OH GOD

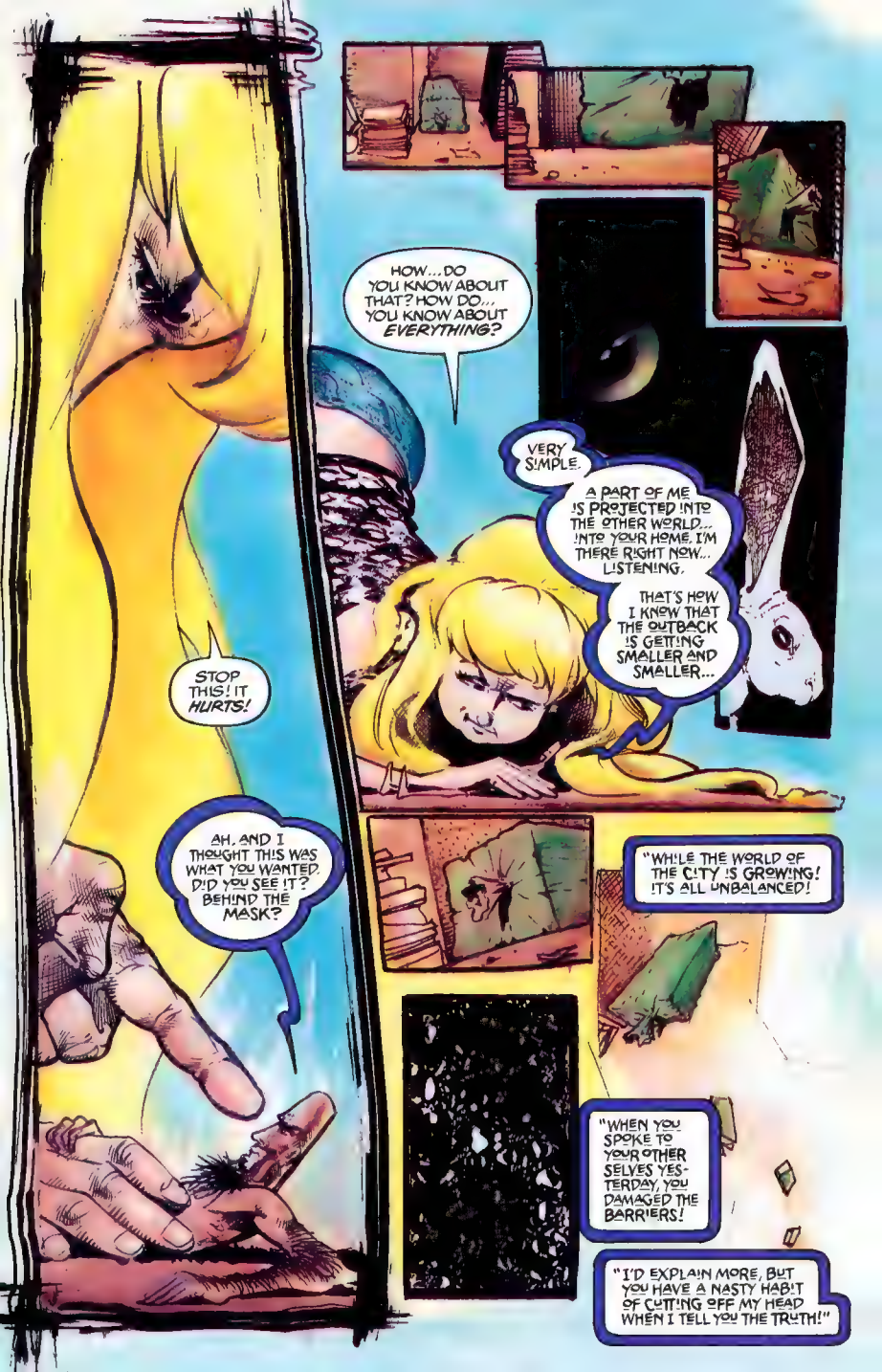

WOW!
LOOK AT THOSE IZZIES EAT!
I SURE AM GLAD YOU SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND PULLED ME UP AT THE LAST SECOND!
ME TOO.
OOF.
HEY! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD!
WHEN YOU GET HELP, YOU CAN COME BACK FOR ME.
MAXX?
RIGHT, MAXX?
GODDAM YOU, MAXX!


NOTHING'S HAPPENING.
NO *INSIGHTS*, NO *FLASHBACKS*, NO NEAT EXPLANATIONS OF WHY MY LIFE IS SO MISERABLE. NO *NOTHING*.


WHAT KIND OF LAME SPIRIT ANIMAL ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I MEAN, I'M HERE. I'M LISTENING. SAY SOMETHING!
OR ARE YOU JUST PART OF THE USUAL CON, WHERE A HORSE TELLS YOU, "LIFE IS IMPORTANT," "GET HIGH ON LIFE," "HORSES TALK", AND IT'S ALL JUST CRAP?
'COURSE THE ONLY THING STUPIDER THAN A TALKING GRANITE HORSE IS A GIRL WHO LOOKS TO ONE FOR ANSWERS.

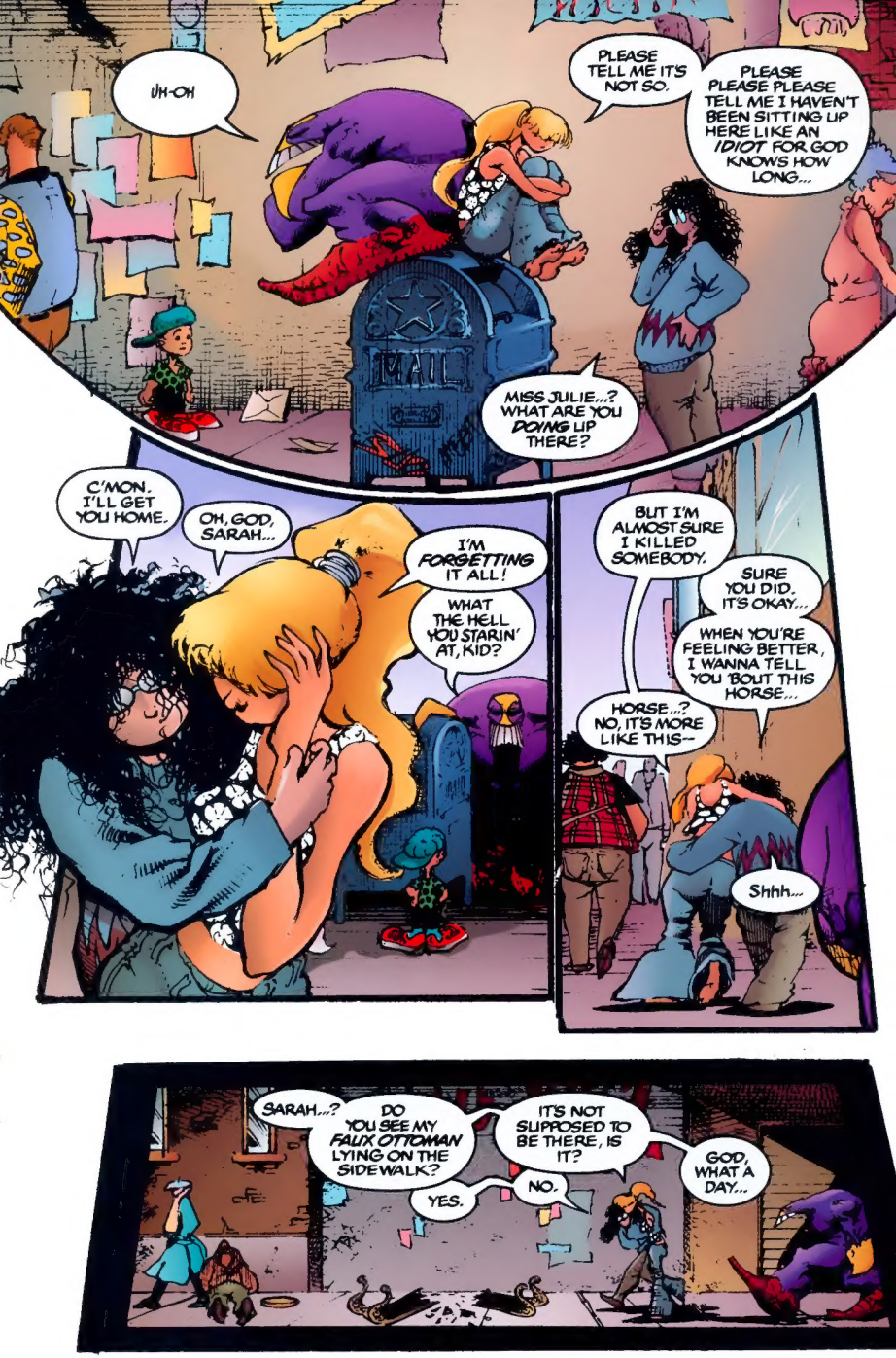

MAXX...?
MAXX... DID YOU ALWAYS...
UNDER THE MASK, I MEAN?
IS THIS THE SECRET... WHY YOU WERE SENT HERE?
OR IS THIS SOME KIND OF AWFUL JOKE?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAXX, ANSWER ME!


SUDDENLY, HER BRAIN, SENSITIVE AS A SPLAYED WOUND, IS POUNDED BY IMAGES.
WHAT...
...ARE YOU...
...DOING...
...TO ME...?
SHE IS STILL IN THE BATHROOM, WITH THAT TWISTED, LEERING... LONG-EARED..
AND HERE, SEEING THE...
...THE...
...THE LAMP?
THE SPRAY OF WATER DROPS OVER THE SLICK, BLUE SURFACE, THE PAIN, THE BLOOD...
SHOWING YOU THE TRUTH.


HOW... DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? HOW DO... YOU KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING?
VERY SIMPLE.
A PART OF ME IS PROJECTED INTO THE OTHER WORLD... INTO YOUR HOME. I'M THERE RIGHT NOW... LISTENING.
THAT'S HOW I KNOW THAT THE OUTBACK IS GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER...
STOP THIS! IT HURTS!
AH. AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS WHAT YOU WANTED. DID YOU SEE IT? BEHIND THE MASK?
"WHILE THE WORLD OF THE CITY IS GROWING! IT'S ALL UNBALANCED!
"WHEN YOU SPOKE TO YOUR OTHER SELVES YESTERDAY, YOU DAMAGED THE BARRIERS!
"I'D EXPLAIN MORE, BUT YOU HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF CUTTING OFF MY HEAD WHEN I TELL YOU THE TRUTH!"

SO DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF WET, BLUE...
URNGLK
SHUT UP.
PANT PANT PANT PANT
PANT PANT PANT

I WONDER IF THIS MEANS I'VE REALLY BEEN HANGING OFF THE STRUT OF A GOODYEAR BLIMP FOR THE LAST 15 MILES?
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO CATCH AN AIRWHALE GOING IN THIS DIRECTION?
WHUMP!
GREAT. NOW WE'RE STUCK IN A MILLION MILES OF PRIMORDIAL WILDERNESS.
BITCH, BITCH, BITCH.


UH-OH
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S NOT SO.
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE TELL ME I HAVEN'T BEEN SITTING UP HERE LIKE AN *IDIOT* FOR GOD KNOWS HOW LONG...
MAIL
MISS JULIE...? WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* UP THERE?
C'MON. I'LL GET YOU HOME.
OH, GOD, SARAH...
I'M *FORGETTING* IT ALL!
WHAT THE HELL YOU STARIN' AT, KID?
BUT I'M ALMOST SURE I KILLED SOMEBODY.
SURE YOU DID. IT'S OKAY...
WHEN YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, I WANNA TELL YOU 'BOUT THIS HORSE...
HORSE...? NO, IT'S MORE LIKE THIS--
Shhh...
SARAH...?
DO YOU SEE MY *FAUX OTTOMAN* LYING ON THE SIDEWALK?
YES.
IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE, IS IT?
NO.
GOD, WHAT A DAY...

THAT SARAH'S A NICE KID.
MAN, SOMETHING STINKS.
UH-HUH.
"SO HOW MUCH OF IT DO YOU FIGURE WAS TRUE?"
"AT LEAST ONE OF THE PITTS, THE ISZ. I DUNNO.
"HOW MUCH CAN YOU REMEMBER NOW?"
"ABOUT HAVING A PART OF HIMSELF IN THIS ROOM? DEFINITELY NOT. I CAN FEEL HIM IN HERE....SOMEWHERE."
"SOME. ENOUGH. DO YOU THINK GONE WAS LYING?"
"YEAH... WHERE IS THAT SMELL COMING FROM?"